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FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1904.

The Cleaning of E Street.

Commissioner West's Prompt Recognition of the Need of Action.

Commissioner West, Superintendent Stutler, and Major Sylvester have formed themselves into a committee of three and decided that E Street is to have its face washed. This promptness in the recognition of dirt is gratifying and leads to the hope that other abuses may be as speedily righted when perceived.

It has been found that the condition of the street between Ninth and Thirtieth Streets is due mainly to the passing of coal wagons, which drop bits of their load along the street to be ground into the roadway by successive wheels. Sweeping does not remove this dirt any more than one could remove it from one's shirt with a clothes brush. The street is to be flushed, and swept, and scoured until it is clean, and after that it will be kept clean. Incidentally, drivers of coal wagons will be gently encouraged to refrain from dropping coal all along their track. This part of the process will be in the hands of the police. With the Street Cleaning Superintendent and the Chief of Police working in harmony for cleanliness we may hope for results.

Building Commission.

An International Organization Intended to Help Enforce Building Laws.

The fires which have occurred so frequently and with such disastrous results in the last few years have caused many people to wonder whether a more additional means of safety could be devised, to supplement the existing laws which we already have. A new development along this line is the International Society of State and Municipal Building Commissioners and Inspectors, a society whose avowed purpose is the safeguarding of reforms and the enforcement of laws. Among the officers of this society are architects, builders, and building inspectors in most of our large cities. James Mulcahy, building commissioner of Boston, being president, and F. W. Fitzpatrick, of Washington, secretary and treasurer. The association has issued a little pamphlet defining its aims and explaining the need of such an organization, and reporting in brief the proceedings of its first meeting.

This meeting was held in February of the present year, and sixty-four cities were represented. In its discussions the safeguarding of theaters was naturally the first subject to be considered. The association desires to evolve some plan of protection which may be suggested to the mayors of different cities, so that some sort of uniformity in building ordinances throughout the United States may be secured. This is an exceedingly good idea. Ordinarily, the continuance of an abuse such as the unsafe construction of theaters means not so much deliberate intention as indifference and ignorance on the part of the public. If some definite plan were suggested to the mayors of cities by which theaters could be made reasonably safe, and if this plan had the endorsement of trained architects and building inspectors, many of them would be willing and even eager to co-operate with the reformers; but when it comes to starting an agitation on the subject, and themselves considering all sorts of plans for reform, submitted by men familiar with a subject of which they themselves know nothing, even the well-meaning among these city officials hesitate. They fear, with much reason, that they will stir up public feeling and unsettle people's minds, antagonize powerful business interests, get themselves disliked, and after all, perhaps, only make a bad matter worse, or change an undesirable situation for one not quite so undesirable. In short, before the average American can be induced to begin a reform, he wants to be sure that it will reform; he doesn't want to make a fool of himself, even in the cause of the people.

Another good suggestion made by the society is that instead of paying so much attention to outside fire escapes, more trouble should be taken to have inside stairways wide, straight, and well protected, since people naturally flock to these in case of fire. It is also suggested that the elevator well, which too often serves as a chimney, should be made absolutely fireproof, and drafts cut off, and that basements, in which fire often starts, should be isolated from the upper floors by having separate entrances. These are only a few of

the ideas threshed out by the association thus far. If it can be made strong enough to do effective work, and does it honestly, it will certainly be the best remedy yet devised for the present deplorable state of affairs.

A Fifth Wheel.

The Proposed Introduction of Y. M. C. A. Men at Army Posts.

The Young Men's Christian Association wants to invade army posts. General Chaffee and other prominent army officers are opposed to the idea. The new army post exchange buildings, for which the Government has appropriated much money, will contain gymnasiums, bowling alleys, game rooms, reading rooms, and refreshment rooms. The association wishes to put a physical director and secretary in charge of each of these buildings, to perform duties which have hitherto been performed by chaplains.

The association in question is an admirable organization in its own place, but its place is not everywhere—not in a young ladies' seminary, for instance, nor an old folks' home, or an army post. One army officer made the very sensible statement that if this association were allowed privileges others would want the same, and the result would be an amount of civilian interference with the affairs of the army quite unjustifiable, but very hard to meet. The army, he said, could provide its own spiritual and physical directors.

It is not to be supposed that the representative of the association would be paid by the Government; doubtless he would receive his salary from the association itself. But there is a great deal of work waiting to be done by this or any other religious organization, in places where its work will be welcome and is eagerly sought; there is no earthly need of its representatives poking their noses into places where they are not wanted, and engaging in work which presents difficulties somewhat peculiar, and unfamiliar to them. One of the greatest mistakes which religious organizations of many kinds have made in the past, one of the ways in which they have wasted money, time, and energy, has been that of invading places in which they were not wanted or needed. The assumption that a thing is good for all places because it happens to be good for one place is just as absurd in religious work as it would be in farming. Even so good a thing as the sun, as necessary a thing as rain, may do harm in some places. Moreover, successful religious work being dependent on the fitness of human nature for it, it is a great mistake to assume that a good man will be equally useful wherever he goes, and whatever may be his methods. The money and workers of the Young Men's Christian Association are inadequate to the needs of our great cities, our towns, and villages. There they are wanted, and needed, and find plenty of material. In the army there are chaplains, to minister to the spiritual needs of the men, and they are, or should be, competent to attend to their work. Also the colonels and majors and lieutenants and other officers are not altogether devoid of religious principle, let us hope, nor are they totally indifferent to the welfare of their men. In fact, the modern army officer is obliged to recognize the fact that the closer he can come to his men, the more readily he can bring out the finest qualities in them, the better they will serve him in time of need; so that even as a matter of worldly policy it would pay for a young officer to watch over his men, and do his best to further their moral and physical welfare. The protests which officers of various regiments made against the abolition of the canteen showed, if they showed anything, such a spirit of thoughtful care. The average army officer may not be a saint, but he is honestly desirous of keeping the moral tone of his regiment as high as he can, albeit he knows a good deal more about the difficulties of such a task than the men who have never been on the ground. He is not an optimist, but neither is he a worldly-minded, careless, indifferent wretch. When, therefore, he protests against the introduction of a civilian to take charge of duties which the army chaplain can perform perfectly well, it is only reasonable to assume that he opposes such an innovation on good grounds. Where is the use of having two men to do one man's work?

A Babe in the Wood.

Prof. Meyer, of Berlin, at the University of Chicago.

Not long ago one Prof. Meyer, of Berlin, came to Chicago, and being interested in colleges, naturally he was invited to Chicago University. And he made a speech.

In this speech he said that he could not imagine a beerless university, and that if a student did not enjoy two things, beer and song, there was something the matter with him—or words to that effect. All unprepared he was for the storm of criticism which broke upon his devoted head, and even upon the head of President Harper for letting such an incendiary inside the doors of his institution. He was a babe in the wood, that innocent German.

As a matter of fact, beer in quantities moderate and occasionally immoderate probably is drunk in every big American university, but it is the

convention to assume that it is not, that no student except the bad, fast ones ever knows what a stein is for, or smokes a cigarette. Hence the perplexity of foreigners who come to our shores and find us bursting with indignation at any implication that we are not a temperance people, while some of these foreigners see with surprise and bewilderment more drunken men on our streets than they are accustomed to see in their own country.

Is it not about time to take things as they are? There are communities in this country which live and do business without the general use of liquor in any form; they happen to be made up of people who by temperament and heredity have not the taste for intoxicants. These people are not hypocrites or abnormal beings; many of them are admirable characters; but the rules which govern them will not do for everybody. The taste for beer, and wine, and whisky, is not normal in the sense that every healthy man must have it; it is largely a matter of temperament, heredity and habit. But these three things are powerful forces in human society, which, as all history shows, cannot be disregarded without disastrous consequences. Hence, since temperament, heredity and habit make it practically certain that a given number of men—and a considerably large number—will drink, what is our best course? Manifestly, to give them liquor as pure and harmless as liquor can be, in places which will be as free as possible from evil associations. This the German has. He takes his glass of beer as we take our cup of coffee; and the German beer-garden is not a place where the drunkard slinks in to slake an unconquerable thirst, but a place of innocent family enjoyment. The surprise of Prof. Meyer at finding that in extolling beer as a means of harmless pleasure, he is supposed to be celebrating drunkenness and debauchery, must have been great, indeed.

A Democratic Platform.

Frank, Succinct, Graphic, Neat, But Hardly Diplomatic.

That which Mr. Bryan advertised for, and Senator Daniel yearned for, a platform containing principles upon which all Democrats could unite, and omitting everything else, has been produced. It is put forward modestly by the "Detroit Tribune," and no reward is claimed for it; though we do not see why the \$100 offered by Mr. Bryan has not been well earned. It is true that the platform does not contain the ten planks which, we believe, Mr. Bryan asked for, but by a simple change of expletives, the second plank in the following admirable statement of the Democratic position might easily be extended to make the number required. Here is the platform suggested:

Whereas we have learned from Kalamazoo to Jericho for issues distinctive from those of the Republican party and failed to find any on which all the Democrats can unite except the tariff, which is a chestnut; therefore:

1. Resolved, That we are against the Republican party on general principles.

2. Damn the Republican party.

The platform-makers at St. Louis may overlay that with a lot of rubbishy rhetoric, but they cannot state more graphically or accurately what present day Democracy stands for.

A Maine mountain has disappeared and left a new lake in its place, as a result of the recent earthquake. The candidacy of Mr. Cleveland disappeared without any earthquake, and left a yawning chasm which has not been filled yet.

The Russians have several good press agents, but we refrain from criticizing the show until after the first act.

A Japanese whale ran against a Russian mine and exploded. It is terrifying to think what would happen if the Japanese had a brigade of Missouri mules with similar devotion to the cause.

J. Pierpont Morgan has gone to London to live, but those who have reason to fear him will never be quite easy in their minds until he has gone beyond cable connections, with no return ticket.

It is lucky that ridicule is not available for hat trimmings, or Easter hats this year might break us all.

A botanist protests against the five-parted Easter lily, which he says is contrary to nature. It behooves all church artists to look at their Easter decorations now.

There ought to be a law against car-bolic acid as a beverage, or its victims will equal those of whisky in course of time.

Richard Watson Gilder says Cleveland's "No" is final. The country has already learned to believe that Mr. Cleveland's farewells are not like Pat's.

It seems funny, when one comes to think of it, that the reformers in this country should find it necessary to insist so often, and with such tragic earnestness, that the law was made to be obeyed.

The Russians are said to be making a religious war of this kind. They will need consultations of some kind if it continues as it has begun.

The safest way for visitors at the St. Louis Exposition, apparently, will be to take a hotel along in a side-pocket.

The Germans in Philadelphia are said to be taking up a subscription to build a theater. Meanwhile the rest of us are grumbling because we cannot make the owners of theaters alter them so that they will be safe.

The peach crop has failed, and now we may feel that spring is really on the way.

The Russians are said to be using oil for fuel—not to spread on troubled waters, please note.

THE PERSONAL SIDE

Mr. Depew's Sneeze Admiration of Visitors to Senate Galleries—President Diaz's Great Vitality.

Senator Depew has a brand-new sneeze, which is the talk of all recent visitors to the Senate galleries. It is very startling at first, but the apprehension it creates is quickly dissipated, and the aftermath is altogether agreeable.

When a sneeze is about to eventuate, the Senator's visage becomes a study, indicative of impending trouble. Then comes the sneeze.

"Hump—* * * achoo!" is what it sounds like. At least, that may be its generic description, which it varies, but little from day to day. To the ever changing stream of visitors to the Senate galleries it is always new, and Dr. Depew continues to be the cynosure of all eyes.

At the Presidential elections are so soon to come off in Mexico, said a man who has just returned from interest as to the condition of General Diaz's health. I had occasion to consult the same physician who attends the Diaz family, and he informed me that General Diaz, though he would be seventy-three years of age on September 15, is still possessed of wonderful vitality, and he was undoubtedly able to fill out the term if he is elected again this June.

Further obtained information of a most surprising character as to the secret of General Diaz's health. It seems that the old hero is a man of most abstemious habits. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he is fairly a crank over physical culture. Never a morning passes, they say, that the general, before going to his bath, does not take a ten minutes' course in vigorous calisthenic exercises. Only when he wants to be particularly cordial to a visitor does he allow himself the luxury of a cigar.

For the average Mexican to do without cigars is not so simple a matter. Diaz, I am told, broke himself of the habit by sheer force of will. He has a very large, his second wife, being devoted to him, and his only son, a young man of about thirty, is a captain of engineers in the Mexican army. There is no doubt about the general being elected, if he will accept it.

Count Cassini's Armor.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, is a great collector of curious weapons. During his long diplomatic career in the East he became particularly fond of armor. In with certain Chinese weapons, he has the main hall of the embassy against the wall is a display of these remarkable Eastern weapons which at once strikes the attention of a visitor. Not only are ancient blunderbusses and swords with quaintly designed handles represented, but there are also several pieces of armor richly engraved. One is said to be most wonderful historical relic dating back into the time of the early Chinese wars.

No diplomatic representative, it is said, ever became closer to the Chinese than Count Cassini, and through his intimate friendship with certain Chinese officials he was presented with a collection of ancient sword models. The collection of ancient sword models, some of which are worth several thousand dollars.

Beats Sherlock Holmes.

Customs inspectors in New York become extremely expert in detecting perfume.

The most expert of the all is said by Treasury officials to be an old-timer named Tim Donohue. He has been in the business for thirty-five years, and it is a cold day when a passenger on any of the big liners succeeds in getting any articles of greater value than the law allows past him. Donohue is said to have Sherlock Holmes distanced in the art of quartering.

Instead of looking for any laborious deductions, he merely looks a man or woman through with his keen, cold, gray eyes and seems to know by intuition whether a search ought to be made for diamonds, concealed lace, or other valuables. He is said to be so expert that he can detect a diamond bracelet in a woman's hand, or a hidden package in a man's trunk, without the aid of any instruments.

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" REIGNS ABOARD SHIPS

Is "Hail, Columbia" a national anthem?

Secretary Moody has refused to answer this question officially, and it will probably be brought to the attention of Congress. It has been the practice in the navy to play the "Star-Spangled Banner" when the colors were raised on warships in the morning, and to lower them to the strains of "Hail, Columbia" in the evening. Doubt existed as to whether "Hail, Columbia" was a national air, and the question was referred to Secretary Moody, who gave no opinion, but in the order that the "Star-Spangled Banner" shall be played both at morning and evening colors.

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IN SOCIETY.

Good Friday Stops the Gay Whirl.

Sir Liang-Cheng Entertains Alfred Stearns and Phillips-Andover Alumni.

Today, Good Friday, the most solemn day in the religious calendar, will be devoid of social interest. Even the races, which have claimed the attention of the fashionable world throughout Holy Week, will be forsaken, and church services of special significance will be substituted.

The most important event of last evening was the dinner and reception given by the Chinese minister, Sir Liang-Cheng, in honor of Alfred E. Stearns, principal of the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

The minister, who was recently elected president of the alumni association of that institution, from which Sir Liang was graduated in 1882, included among his guests a few of his schoolmates, and at the reception which followed the entire Phillips-Andover alumni, which has seventy or eighty members in Washington.

Mrs. Harry K. Dougherty, of 2476 Ontario Avenue, has as her guests, Mrs. Benjamin J. Hayward, of Sharon, Pa., and Mrs. Arthur Shoffstall, of the State College of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Hayward and Mrs. Shoffstall, who have been making a series of visits in the South, will remain a week in Washington.

At the egg rolling on Easter Monday in the White House grounds no grown person will be permitted to enter the gates, unless accompanied by a child. This new rule will be strictly enforced in order to obviate a repetition of the crowding of the grounds by grown people, such as occurred last year.

Mrs. Walter Farwell has been called unexpectedly to her home in Chicago, and will be unable to take part in the "Dream of Queen Elizabeth," which will be presented at the Lafayette Opera House, on April 12.

Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, widow of the late Vice President, and her son, Garret A. Hobart, who have been in Washington since the early winter, will have Washington today for their home in Paterson, N. J.

The women in charge of the "Neighborhood House," 456 N Street southwest, will entertain at a tea on Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 8 o'clock.

Miss Amelia Ware has joined her parents, the Commissioner of Pensions and Mrs. Ware, for the Easter holidays.

Henry Adams, of 1093 H Street, is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams, of Boston.

The French ambassador, M. Jusserand, returned from a short stay in New York today.

Miss Roosevelt returned from Aiken, S. C., yesterday.

FIRE INSURANCE RATES AMPLE IN WASHINGTON

"Views" Insists That This City Should Be Exempt From the Proposed Increase.

Regarding the proposed investigation by committees of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, of insurance rates in different cities and the eventually possible increase of the same, "Views," an insurance paper published in Washington, says:

"But with all due regard to the situation, and to the justice of inaugurating an increase of rates in a majority of the cities mentioned by the national board, so as to enable the companies to make up their heavy losses, it is also but proper that this committee should give due consideration to those cities whose fire losses during the past ten or twenty years have been below the average, and to exempt those whose business has proven favorable to the companies for a long period of years."

"In brief, to apply the principles of equity in dealing boundaries and determining the relative danger of conflagration in such cities. If this is done, it is a very reasonable conclusion that the city of Washington ought to be exempted from the operation of this advance. It can also be safely conceded that, with the exception of a few special hazardous risks, the prevailing rates in the city of Washington are amply sufficient, and already in keeping with this new demand of adequate rates for reliable indemnity."

BEDROOM DANGERS.

In a bedroom, what does the eye of science behold? Unutterable things, perhaps. Beds and bedclothes, mattresses and pillows, dressing gowns and bedclothes, gas jets and carbide lamps, and so on—(Chin.)

No more for me the soft repose, With pillows for my weary head; No more relief from waking woes; Before I knew the risks I ran (Alas, I know them none too soon) My early rising I began.

From early youth I ever held My daylight sleep most dear and sweet And only broke it when compelled To eat.

Now, Science guides my seeing eye I Where all her searching rays are spread, And never shall I dare to lie In bed.

What horrors doth she not reveal? Bacteria in hordes I see, All hoping they may make a meal Of me.

The mattress microbes all awake Carbonic gas to make me cough; And toxins each prepared to take Me on.

So driven desperate I found A place from all those terrors free; To lodgings on the Park's cold ground I flee.

And thus my chance of health improves And that of bedroom death is gone; My only care that Robert moves Me on.

—London Chronicle.

THE EVENING STORY A CHAPERON PRO TEMPORE.

By GUY SOMERVILLE.

"You see, Mr. Walker," observed Aunt Mary, "Dorothy is a terrible burden."

I glanced thoughtfully at Dorothy, who weighs one hundred and six in the shade, being tall and reasonably substantial.

"I know," I said.

"She has been with me about three months," said Aunt Mary, "and when she came she brought me a letter from her mother in Texas. 'Mary,' wrote her mother, 'I send you my little girl. She can ride, swim, dance, and lasso horned cattle. I want her to see the great East before she settles down and I want her to have a good time. But I charge you, Mary, to send her back to me this time next year, the same little girl that left me, heart whole. I cannot have my only daughter marrying an Eastern man.'"

"I think," said I, "that Dorothy can lasso a good many things besides horned cattle."

"Oh, there are the unhorned kinds," said Dorothy.

"There is Edgar Castleton," said Aunt Mary, significantly.

Dorothy blushed coral.

"It must stop," said Aunt Mary gravely. "It is time to stop. Dorothy is a young man. He cares for nothing but his automobiles and his dogs. He has flitted three girls who have let them-

"No, I don't," I answered, from my seat.

"Then came the explosion—quickly and sharply, like a summer storm. When all is said, she is a sweet old lady, and I hated to see her pained. We stood in the west doorway of the Turkish room, and saw—as I expected—Dorothy sitting on the divan beside the awful man. And Dorothy wore a fresh diamond upon the fatal finger.

Aunt Mary grew deathly white.

Dorothy ran to her and, regardless of the presence of others, threw her arms about her neck. Dorothy was from Texas.

"Auntie," said Dorothy, beseechingly.

"She can lasso horned cattle—I began under my breath.

Castleton rose like a man.

"Hello, Walker," he said. "Did you try to do me after all, or were you pushed? Anyway, it's too late. You shall have the pup."

Aunt Mary turned to him, her eyes blazing.

"Do you call yourself a man of honor?" she said. "Didn't I forbid you the house?"

"But this isn't the house, ma'am," said Castleton respectfully. "And we are—engaged."

"She shall leave father and mother," I said solemnly.

"Will you kindly explain," said auntie,



"Oh, is it Carrie?" said Dorothy. "Let me."

selves love him—and, besides, he is an Eastern man."

"His father came from Nevada," pleaded Dorothy.

"His father is dead," said Aunt Mary. "In that case," I suggested, "from what I have heard of his father, I should suppose he had returned to Nevada."

"On the contrary," said Aunt Mary, "parts of Nevada are quite cold. The point is, that I have had to forbid him the house."

The telephone bell tinkled at my right hand.

"I'll go," said Dorothy.

"Not at all," said I.

"Please," urged Dorothy.

I clapped my ear to the receiver.

"Hello," said some one.

"Hello; who is this?" said I.

"Why, it's Walker," said the voice, and in that moment I knew it was Edgar Castleton. "Is it the she dragon's voice, or is it the maid's?"

"The first," said I. "She's here and listening."

"For the love of heaven," said he, "call me Carrie Wheeler. Be decent, Walker. Call me Carrie, and you shall have the bridle pup—the one you asked me for the other day."

"It's a go, Miss Wheeler," said I, and Dorothy, at my elbow, started.

"Oh, is it Carrie?" said Dorothy. "Let me."

I went over and stood beside Aunt Mary's armchair, looking innocent. We heard Dorothy, telephoned:

"Where have you been, you dear thing? I haven't seen you in an age. Why, of course I will—if auntie lets me. Auntie!"

"Well."

"May I go to lunch with Carrie Wheeler at the Waldorf? She has tickets for the matinee afterward, and Susie Walwright will be with us."

"Now that," thought I, "is simply wanton."

"Certainly, my child," said Aunt Mary. "Be home early, though. Remember, the Perkins are dining here—and Tommy Ashton. You see," she continued, as Dorothy made a hasty exit, "she is so popular that she tries me terribly."

"She tries almost everything," I murmured deferentially.

"I will keep my word to her mother," said Aunt Mary sternly.

"D. V.," said I. "Her mother is a good woman."

"She has redeeming traits."

"Is a sister a trait?" I said, smiling.

"A sister is sometimes distrait," said auntie, smiling also. At the same time she went to the window and looked out.

"James is here," she said; and I knew that her trim little brougham was waiting.